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CURIOSITIES IN THE NEWS

Baby Throws Eleven Hundred Dollars at a Dog—Two-Headed Baby in Missouri Souri

NEW YORK, September 21.—Four-year-old May Barrett of Scarsdale played with \$1100 she picked up on the street, and not realizing its value, scattered part of it over the lawn.

The money belonged to Mrs. John A. Pryor of Greenville.

While passing the Barrett home the netchel fell from the buggy seat, and was not missed until several minutes later.

The Barrett child playing near by picked up the grip and opened it. The rolls of greenbacks meant nothing to her. Finally she threw the box at the family watchdog and some of the money fell out.

Mrs. Howard Barrett, the girl's mother, espied the greenbacks on the ground and gathered them up. A short distance away she found the netchel. In it were paper bearing Mrs. Pryor's name and address.

Mrs. Barrett later found the owner searching for her money and returned it to her.

Two-Headed Baby. ST. LOUIS, September 21.—With two perfectly formed heads rising from a single neck and normal body, a baby is engaging the scientific attention of physicians at Josephine Hospital, Grand and Henrietta avenues. It is declared that nowhere in medical annals has a similar prodigy been reported.

The marvelous child is the daughter of Lolo Williams, 18 years old, of De Soto, Mo. She was sent to St. Louis by a Jefferson county physician Saturday and placed in charge of Dr. F. J. Lutz, head of the Josephine Hospital. Details of the prodigy were hard to obtain owing to the reluctance of physicians from ethical reasons to discuss the case.

Both heads of the child are normally formed. It was learned. There are two complete sets of eyes and ears, two distinct noses and mouths.

While twins have been born, like the famous Siamese pair, bound together by skin and ligaments never before, it is claimed, have two bodies merged into one as completely as in the case of the Williams child.

Many years ago an Italian woman back east was exhibiting from door to door the wax image of a two-headed baby, which was enclosed in a glass case, an inscription on which stated that the freak had been born somewhere in Europe.

Fried Your Liver.

CHICAGO, September 21.—The amiable Frenchman, De Keating-Hart, with the characteristic ingenuity of his nation, has delighted the medical profession at lover the world by inventing a process of frying men and women and children inside without scorching their skins.

The liver of a patient may be crisped to a nicety while the epidermis remains underdone, the stomach may be parboiled while the outer layers of flesh shiver under an ice pack. And the thing is done while the patient still possesses the organs that are being treated.

Not the least of De Keating-Hart's accomplishments is revealed in his choice of a name for his process. Instead of clumsily calling his process "frying your liver," the clever Frenchman has invented a name in three chapters. This is the name: "Thermoradiotherapy." "The soul of the process is in the first chapter, thermo which means heat. The second chapter has reference to X-rays and indicates the primal purpose of the process. And the third chapter, therapy, is the excuse for the culinary business."

It sums up like this: De Keating-Hart cooks you in order that he may look through you and he looks through you in order that he may see what it wrong inside and cure you. The journal of the American Medical Association explains the whole subject in its terse, epigrammatic way as follows:

"Thermoradiotherapy is a term applied to a new method of applying the X-ray, the aim being to increase the efficiency of the rays. De Keating-Hart

maintains that the radio-sensitiveness of tissue is in direct proportion to its temperature, the warmer the part, the more intense the action of the rays and vice versa."

There it is in a nutshell—fried liver is more transparent than raw. De Keating-Hart has a scheme to chill the skin, while he is using thermoradiotherapy and thermopenetration inside. He uses layers of gauze, leather, aluminum, water and cracked ice and constantly fans all these strata at once. In that way, as he points out, he can prevent the burning of the skin while giving thermoradiotherapy, "even though the treatments are frequent and the dose massive."

Men Hatch Snakes To Swindle Rockefeller.

NEW YORK, September 21.—John D. Rockefeller has been swindled. When Rockefeller secured his 5000-acre estate at Pocantico Hills he found it infested by thousands of snakes. John D. is as afraid of a snake as he is of a process-server. Accordingly, he had his superintendent post a notice that he would pay twenty-five cents for every snake skin brought in.

The workmen saw a chance for easy money, and great was the death rate of snakes. Some made money so fast they were threatened by Black Hand agents.

No one knows how many thousand snakes paid the penalty for trespassing. The disappointment was keen when the workmen were unable to find a single snake. It was hard to lose the income of former years. So one bright man suggested a hatchery. Then business began to pick up.

Superintendent Briggs was puzzled, as there were no reptiles left on the estate. He set a trap, and discovered the employees were raising snakes to sell. The guilty ones were discharged and men will be employed to do nothing but kill snakes.

Too Bashful For Shipload Of Girls.

NEW YORK, September 21.—The prospects of ten days' association with a shipload of girls held no attraction for Francois Andre Genereaux, a Canadian merchant, of St. Agathe des Monts, Quebec, who had booked passage on the "Abre liner Sant' Anna."

On the same steamer were booked eight of the prettiest girls from Bennett's High School, of Milbrook, N. Y., who, accompanied by their chaperone, Mrs. Clementina T. Sherwood, planned to make an educational tour of Southern Europe. Seven other young ladies, whose charm and grace are unquestioned, were the only other passengers.

"When the clerks in the Fabre Line office found that the Canadian would be the only man aboard the ship or beauty they grew envious and wished they had postponed their own vacations until this trip of the Sant' Anna. Genereaux happened to drop into the office to get his ticket, but the clerks were jealous and told him nothing about his fellow passengers he would have."

It remained for the Canadian himself to discover the fact when he got aboard the Sant' Anna and scanned the passenger list.

With blushing cheeks he rushed ashore and found R. H. Murray, the passenger manager.

"Give me back my money; here's the ticket; it's impossible for me to sail on this ship," stammered Genereaux. "I could never last ten days with so many girls. I am so bashful I would commit suicide."

It required some time for Murray to realize that he was talking to a man who refused to make a voyage on a ship that happened to be loaded with beautiful girls, but when he found that nothing would alter Genereaux's determination he arranged to transfer him to Rochambeau, that sailed for Havre.

Not until he had his new ticket did the Canadian recover his composure, and then he refused to go on the steamer again. Instead he sent a porter for his suit case and kept well out of view until a taxi arrived.

WANTED.

The Man at the Table—Look here, waiter! That lobster is without a claw! How's that?

Waiter. You see, they're so fresh, these lobsters, they fight with each other in the kitchen.

The Man at the Table—Well, take that one away and bring me one of the winners.

Hundreds of gallons of whisky were poured into the streets of Pittsburgh when revenue officers made raids on three alleged "blind tigers."

SPEIGELMYER COMPLAINS HE GETS NO REST FROM POLITICS

Mein Leiber Adolph:—Dere iss not more as a hundred things what I can write you about this time when I write. Efferything here now iss politics, Fisher und Knox. Der people like Mr. Fisher more better as when he came first. He seems to be getting hold of things better; seems to be of the idea as how somebody iss telling the truth as well as der "higher ups". Der investigation looks as if it might be at der stage where der Secretary might say, "Perhaps I don't think you was guilty, but don't you do it again."

Politics was so hot down here, Adolph, by der feller what iss running second-handed—you know I mean dose feller what didn't got a nomination outside off der own vote, and was going to try and beat all off der regular nominated feller. Dey was so thick here dot they had to put two and three hats in one ring, and some off dem haff put dere coats in der ring also.

A feller don't get any rest from der politics. When I go home at night I don't get some rest, in der same place where I liff ve haff got four different kinds off Republicans and three different kinds off Democrats not counting the feller what iss in favor off der Bull Moose.

Vell, Adolph, no matter iff ve iss vay outt here in der middle off der Pacific ocean, you bet as how ve don't get lonesome, mit der presidential election, baseball, football, Thanksgiving, der high cost off high liffing, a prospective scrap mit Mexico as a few things to keep us awake.

But, after all, iss nothing what a new president can do dot vill keep us from having a good time and being better citizens if ve vill only not make der cop on der corner mad by going by too fast and not plowing der horn.

When you was here, Adolph, Honolulu was a quiet place to liff in but now dere iss no rest for anybody, not efen in der evening. Life is shust one darned moofing picture show after another. You shust get the habit und you can't get away from it. On top off all off dot der people haff commenced to imbort dot funny kind off furniture—dot false alarm kind. In der front parlor off der house where I liff iss a nice table what I set down side off der other night. It looked shust so innocent as nothing, but I guess I pressed a button some place, und it commenced to play Caruso mit a squawking what near busted my drum what iss in my ear. Der clock was der same. When I looked at it too hard once it commenced to play a hanjo solo. Dere iss lots off dem kind off things here in town und a feller iss afraid to sit down. What I am going to do?

I read in der papers as how some doctor, what iss a Frenchman, says as how ve ate all crazy, und I think as how he iss about right. Of course it all depends on shust where you shstand when you look at dis question off all der people being crazy. Sometime a feller comes along und says as how he can do something better as anybody else. Vell, if he has got a lot off feller to back him up he iss all right, but iff he iss alone und got no backing den he iss crazy.

Lots off times ve hear off a feller what gets his postol outt und shoots another feller dead und kills him. Vell he iss crazy if he has got enough money to proof it.

Sure, ve iss crazy, Adolph. Don't ve go right ahead mitout der services of a superintendent off public works. All off our neighbors think as how ve go down town to work all day so as ve can go to der moofing pictures all off der etning. If ve was not dippy, Adolph, ve would wear soft collars here in Honolulu.

Of course dese crazy business shows up more in some people as in others. Dere iss der feller what joins effery lodge what is going iff he can get in, und his size und age is only what keeps him from joining der Boy Scouts. I am crazy myself, Adolph, only I didn't know it until I went to make something to eat from dem instructions in der paper what is headed "tried recipes." After awhile I don't try no more off dem "tried recipes" unless idt says who tried 'em, und what luck dey hadt.

I don't think as how I want to write you anymore today, Adolph, because I can't can think off a whole lot more to say except as how der milkman has raised der rates on milk. Der milk served here is shust so pure as a feller vants idt, but at der same time, I stand up to say as no matter how pure der vater what iss coming from der artesian vells, idt is still lacking in butter fat, und dot Honolulu likes pure vater und pure milk but prefers to do der mixing themselves.

I see as how dey was going to have a Korean in der postoffice at Hilo. Vell all der difference in vill make is as how dey vill haff to cut another hole in der wall off der postoffice dere some place. Itt has ten delivery windows now. Vell, so long Adolph.

Your friend, Spiegelmyer.

KAISER MAKES EFFORT TO SUPPRESS GAMING

Vice Said To Be Prevalent Among People of High Degree

BERLIN, September 21.—The craze for gambling among the wealthy and aristocratic classes of Germany and Prussia has reached such a pitch that the authorities are at their wits' ends to know how to combat it. The raiding of private gambling dens they find is no use, as the players caught therein are of such prominence that prosecution are considered inadvisable. Every effort is made to keep the real state of affairs from the kaiser, but a recent case came to his ears, with the result that he summoned the court marshals of the empire to his presence and asked them to use their influence to suppress the craze.

As a consequence Count Eulenberg and Prince Furstenberg, who are marshals of the imperial court at Berlin and the royal court of Prussia, have sent private letters to all members of the German nobility asking them to use their influence in discouraging the high play which goes on in their circles.

The police reports which were submitted showed that in every case when a private gambling den was raided one or more members of leading noble families were either the backers or chief supporters. Countless discoveries of this kind have been made by the police. Recently the police descended upon a private bar in Frobenstrasse in the small hours of the morning. They found a brilliant gathering gambling for high stakes. The police took possession of a large amount of money on the table, and among the gamblers found were three counts of the best East Prussian aristocracy and their wives.

Loses \$17,000 in One Evening. The secretary of a South American legation informed the police that he had lost \$17,000 in the course of the evening. The affair was quickly hushed up and the South American government asked to transfer the secretary to a safer capital, which was done. Nevertheless, the secretary when taking leave of the kaiser told him the whole story, and the kaiser, indignant at the news, ordered the court marshals to strike the names of the nobles found gambling in the Frobenstrasse from the court list.

One nobleman upon hearing this committed suicide.

MAY BO LOST COLONISTS


White Eskimos Are Found in Country Marked on the Map "Uninhabited"

SEATTLE, Wash., Sept. 10.—Vilhjalmar Stefansson, after four years in the Arctic regions, arrived here on the steamer Senator from Nome, Alaska, and tells a story of a race of blonde Eskimos who, he believes, are the descendants of the Scandinavian colonists of Greenland, who were last heard from in 1412, 80 years before Columbus discovered America. Stefansson and Dr. R. Anderson, of Forest City, La., started north from Winnipeg in 1908, bound for Coronation Gulf, a region marked on maps of Canada as "uninhabited." Leaving Anderson to collect ethnological specimens, Stefansson explored alone, and the third winter he passed at Coronation Gulf and it was there he found the white Eskimos.

"There are thirteen tribes of these white Eskimos," said Stefansson today "and they number about 2000. They are taller than the Eskimos of Greenland, but not so tall as the Eskimos of Alaska. They speak Norse words. Ten of the tribes have never come into contact with white men. Two tribes

had traditions of the Sir John Franklin expedition. An old man had seen Richardson in 1848 and another old man had seen Colinson in 1853. The thirteenth tribe had been visited by white whalers. Many of them have really blue eyes, as blue as my own, and most of them have blonde eyebrows. The men often have red or sandy beards. Between the white Eskimos of Coronation Gulf and the dark Eskimos of the McKenzie river country is a barren strip, 300 miles wide which the Eskimos never cross."

Eugene W. Chaffin, prohibition candidate for president, denounced the Methodists of Grand Rapids, Mich., because he was refused permission to speak in three Methodist churches.



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